

It must not be with this.

*Cas.* You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judgement to me: but you patch vp your excuses.

*Anth.* Not so, not so:

I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't, Very necessity of this thought, that I Your Partner in the cause, gainst which he fought, Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife, I would you had her spirit, in such another, The third oth' world is yours, which with a Snaffle, You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

*Enobar.* Would we had all such wiues, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

*Anth.* So much vncurable, her Garboiles (*Cesar*) Made out of her impatience: which not wanted Shredence of policie to: I greewing grant, Did you too much disquiet, for that you must, But say I could not helpe it.

*Cesar.* I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts Did gibe my Misue out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then: Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day I told him of my selfe, which was as much As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow Be nothing of our strife: if we contend Out of our question wipe him.

*Cesar.* You haue broken the Article of your oath, which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft *Cesar*.

*Ant.* No *Lepidus*, let him speake, The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Cesar*, The Article of my oath.

*Cesar.* To lend me Aimes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

*Anth.* Neglected rather:

And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may, Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty, Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*, To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere, For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis Noble spoken.

*Meca.* If it might please you, to enforce no further The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember: that the present neede, Speakes to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.

*Enobar.* Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the instant, you may when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle in, when you haue nothing else to do.

*Anth.* Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

*Enob.* That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

*Anth.* You wrong this presence, therefore speake no more.

*Enob.* Go too then: your Considerate stone.

*Cesar.* I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew, What Hoop should hold vs staunch from edge to edge Arh' world: I would pursue it.

*Agri.* Giue me leave *Cesar*.

*Cesar.* Speake *Agrippa*.

*Agri.* Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd *Ostania*: Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widower.

*Cesar.* Say not, say *Agrippa*: if *Cleopater* heard you, your prooffe were well deserued of rashnesse.

*Anth.* I am not marryed *Cesar*: let me heere *Agrippa* further speake.

*Agri.* To hold you in perpetuall amitie, To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts With an vn-slipping knot, take *Anthony*, *Ostania* to his wife: whose beauty claimes No worse a husband then the best of men: whose Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake That which none else can utter. By this marriage, All little Ielousies which now seeme great, And all great feares, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales, Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both, Would each to other, and all loues to both Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke, For 'tis a studied not a present thought, By duty ruminated.

*Anth.* Will *Cesar* speake?

*Cesar.* Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht, With what is spoke already.

*Anth.* What power is in *Agrippa*, If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so, To make this good?

*Cesar.* The power of *Cesar*,

And his power, vnto *Ostania*.

*Anth.* May I neuer

(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes) Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand Further this act of Grace: and from this houre, The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues, And tway our great Designes.

*Cesar.* There's my hand:

A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother Did euer loue so deere. Let her liue To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer Flie off our Loues againe.

*Lep.* Happily, Amen.

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*, For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely, Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:

At heele of that, desie him.

*Lep.* Time calls vpon's,

Of vs most *Pompey* presently be sought,

Or else he seekes out vs.

*Anth.* Where lies he?

*Cesar.* About the Mount-*Mesena*.

*Anth.* What is his strength by land?

*Cesar.* Great, and encreasing:

But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

*Anth.* So is the Fame,

Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it, Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we The businesse we haue talkt of.

*Cesar.* With most gladnesse, And do inuite you to my Sisters view,

Whe-

Whether straight Ile lead you.

*Anth.* Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

*Lep.* Noble *Anthony*, nor sickenesse should detain me.

*Flourish. Exit omnes.*

*Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.*

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt Sir.

*Eno.* Halfe the heart of *Cesar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

*Agri.* Good *Enobarbus*.

*Meca.* We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you staid well by't in Egypt.

*Enob.* I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance: and made the night light with drinking.

*Meca.* Eight Wilde-Boares roasted whole at a breakfast: and but twelue persons there. Is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserued noting.

*Mecenas.* She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

*Enob.* When she first met *Marke Anthony*, she purst vp his heart vpon the Riuer of *Sidnis*.

*Agri.* There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuic'd well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you,

The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne

Burnt on the water: the Poop was beaten Gold,

Purple the Sails: and so perfum'd that

The Windes were Loue-sicke.

With them the Owers were Silver,

Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made

The water which they beate, to follow faster;

As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,

It begg'd all discription, she did lye

In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,

Ore-picturing that Venns, where we see

The fancie out-work Nature. On each side her,

Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,

With diuers colour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,

To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,

And what they vndid did.

*Agri.* Oh rare for *Anthony*.

*Eno.* Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,

So many Mer-maides tended her i'th' eyes,

And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,

A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,

Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the Barge

A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense

Of the adjacent Wharfes. The City cast

Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*

Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,

Whistling to'th' ayre: which but for vacancie,

Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,

And made a gap in Nature.

*Agri.* Rare Egyptian.

*Eno.* Vpon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,

Inuited her to Supper: she replied,

It should be better, he became her guest:

Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,

Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,

Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;

And for his ordinary, paises his heart,

For what his eyes eate onely.

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